## AStrange Message

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uthor of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE BROKEN SEAL," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS," "ANNABEL'S RIVAL."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF. . HE next morning Nora awoke with a confused sense of anxiety and uneasiness from disturbed and painful dreams. She started up, she rubbed her eyes, and then she re-

membered-remembered the last look on Malcolm's face as he turned to leave her. his message to ber mother, and the bitter task that lay before herself to-day. And scarcely was she dressed when this

deed, left her bedroom when Palmer entered, carrying a message from Mrs. Fraser of Airdlinn, who was below, and wished to know if she might come up stairs and speak to Nora at once.

Nora could not quite hide her agitation from Palmer's quick eyes, as she listened to this request. It was, of course, very well known in the household that something unusual had been going on last night-Mr. Biddulph's late arrival-Alfred's mysterious disappearance, for he had only returned at dawn, and would give no further account of himself, except that Miss Stewart had sent him on a mes-

Palmer was highly offended by this reti- you will think I acted for the best." cence, and had scarcely spoken to Alfred at breakfast; but the young man, having the pleasing knowledge that he was the nappy possessor of £20, part of which he meant to spend on a present for his sweetheart, had borne her coldness so amiably that Palmer thought it was quite time she was making up to him again.

Still Palmer was intensely curious to

Therefore Palmer noted how, with quickened breath and paling cheeks, her young as far as I can make out, and he hear mistress heard that Mrs. Stewart was be-Rob Mackenzie talking to his brother." low, and wished at once to see her. And Nora felt she could not reruse this request. This poor mother must hear the terrible news before the day was over, and it was best to break it to her now. Therefore Nora bade Palmer to bring Mrs. Fraser upstairs, and a few minutes later Mrs. Jock entered, looking fresh, smiling and well. "How are you, my dear?" she said, going up to Nora and kissing her face in her

kind, motherly way.

Nora often thought afterward how Mrs. Jock looked at this moment—so rosy, so happy, a matron in her comely prime, with her eyes, blue as poor Malcolm's, brimful of content and good nature.

"I am not feeling very well," hesitated Nora, with her eyes cast down. "My poor child, I am sorry for that. But it's nothing serious I hope?"

"That's all right, then; and, Nora, my dear, what have you done with my boy? never was so astonished in my life when the housemaid told me this morning that last night, after Jock and I had retired to bed, that Alfred had arrived with a letter from you for Malcolm, and that Malcolm went back with him to Rossmore in the boat. Did he stay all night here, or go to

his uncle Alick's?" "He did not stay here," faltered Nora.
"Then he's at uncle Alick's. Jock felt a bit uneasy about him, as Malcolm has not been looking well lately, so he proposed, as soon as breakfast was over this morning, that we should cross the water and inquire about him. But I told Jock he was quite safe in your hands;" and

Mrs. Jock laughed. Poor Nora's task seemed to be growing more difficult every moment. She turned away her head; she gave a little gasping sigh, and the mother's quick ears of love

"There is nothing the matter, is there?" she asked sharply-"nothing with Mal-Upon this Nora caught her large firm

hand in her own cold trembling one. "Oh, Mrs. Fraser," she said, "I-I sent for Malcolm last night because he has got into some trouble-because just now he is better away."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Jock's voice was almost stern as she asked this question, and she fixed her eyes on Nora's changing face with some suspicion in her glance.

"It is terrible to me to have to tell you," went on Nora, "most terrible, but, Mrs. Fraser, it was Malcolm who fired the shot, who killed that unhappy woman in the

"Malcolm!" cried Mrs. Fraser, a sudden flush passing over her face, and pushing who has been telling you this, Nora Stew-

"It is only too true, Mrs. Fraser-only too true," answered Nora, turning away her head, and her eyes filling with tears. "This is a bitter task to me, but you must know, and Malcolm, I hope, is safe. By

this time he is far away" do you mean? You have not sent the out.' boy away, have you, to hide himself, as if | She nodded her head, and sat there, still | wish to delay Sandy's mission. All the | guilty, and always shall."

with my son?" "Mrs. Fraser, last night news was brought me, such news as almost broke my heart. I was told-it is no inventionthat the woman's death in the Glen had been traced to Malcolm, and that to-day this information would be given to the police, and Malcolm would be arrested.' "It is an invention!" answered Mrs. Fraser, with strong indignation. "What had Malcolm to do with this woman!

Nothing? A woman he never saw-a woman, the wife of another man?" "It was by accident he killed her; "Then, why did you send him away? Why did you not let him face any inquiry that could be made? My boy would speak the truth; if he shot the woman by

accident, he is not one to deny it." Nora's distress was now very great. It seemed too dreadful to destroy the poor deaths—than seen the old name dragged mother's proud confidence in her darling | so low!"

"Where is Jock?" said Nora, greatly agitated. "We had better send for him." "He is at Alick Fraser's. Yes, send for his father, and Jock will tell you, as I do, that we have not taught our boy to run away and hide himself, whatever he has

Nora rang the bell and sent Alfred for Jock Fraser, and in the meanwhile Mrs. But presently, with pitying tenderness, Fraser continued in a state of strong excitement and indignation. She began walking up and down the room, glancing | muttered, "and before these fellows come | she would not be refused, and at last secasionally angrily at Nora.

He wants to shift suspicion from his own shoulders to those of my boy." Nora did not speak. This was too un-

could not resent it. "This man has brought nothing but mischief and trouble," went on Mrs. Jock. "But if he thinks he can make a scapegoat of poor Malcolm he shall find he is mistaken. Did you hear this story from him, Nora? I will hear the truth.'

"Why? Am I not his mother? Is his honor not mine? Answer me, Nora Stew- affably. art, is it this man Biddulph who has been

"Wail till Cousin Jock comes," said

blackening Malcolm's name?" "No, it is not," answered Nora, lifting her dark eyes to Mrs. Fraser's indignant face. "Mr. Biddulph has acted in this matter, as he always does, with the great-

est consideration and kindness." "You think no one is like him, that is the truth! But here comes Jock! Jock," | time. she added, going up to her husband, who was forced upon her. She had not, in-deed left her bedroom when Palmer "come in, and hear what Nora Stewart has got to tell us. She says Malcolm— and a shuffle, was ushered in.
our Malcolm—killed that woman in the "Fine morning, sir," he said

Jock Fraser's brown face grew pale at | Biddulph?" these words, and a look of fear came into his brown eyes.

at his wife, and then at Nora. "Yes, our dear boy; and she has got him to go away-to hide himself, instead of facing such a lie like a man." "What is this, Nora?" now asked Jock | dulph, as Sandy paused a moment, re-Fraser, still with that look of uneasiness

"Oh, Jock, all this is dreadful for me! hand in her own. "But-but I acted for the best; when you hear the whole story

"Where is Malcolm!" said Jock Fraser, "Far away from here, I hope, Jock. Do you know a man named Sanford Hilla man somehow connected with your brother Alick?"

"Of course I do. Sandy Hill---why he is Alick's clerk at Glasgow." "He has been down here, then," continued Nora, "and when he heard of the reward that Mr. Biddulph and the sheriff as far as I can make out, and he heard "Rob Mackenzie!" exclaimed Jock Fra- eyes."

ser, with a scared face. "Yes; the poor lad was talking to his | Hill?" brother, and meant no harm. Nay, this wretch overheard him say he would die, or something like that, before he would betray Malcolm. But these words made this Hill suspicious, and he followed the two Mackenzies to their cottage, and he listened, and, oh, Jock, he overheard the whole story, and—and he is going to give information to the police to-day!"

"Oh, my poor boy!" cried Jock Fraser, much overcome. "Jeanie, my poor Jeanie!" and he went up to his wife, and

took her in his arms. But Mrs. Jock pushed him away. "And even if this were so," she said, trembling with excitement-"even if this wretch did pretend to hear the boys Rob and Tam Mackenzie talking, why should we believe him? It is for the sake of the reward he has got up this story, and Mal-colm must come back and face it."

"And you told Malcolm, Nora?" asked Jock Fraser, who was very pale. "You and put his hand it sent for him last night, and told him what out his note book.

you are now telling us?" "Yes, I sent for him and told him. Mr. Biddulph came here about half-past ten. dulph not to lay the information before the police until the afternoon of to-day. Then he came here and told me; he wanted to give Malcolm a start, and-and I sent for Malcolm, and he confessed it was all true and went away."

As Mrs. Fraser listened to these words a cry broke from her whitening lips. "He confessed! What did he confess?" she asked wildly. "He did not mean to do

But Jock Fraser caught the uplifted arm of the maddened woman. "Hush, Jeanie! do not talk thus, and to Nora," he said. "I am sure Nora would | Biddulph, I consider a set of duffers. mean nothing but kindness to Malcolmyou know that. But if the poor lad shot

this woman by accident, it was foolish of him to go away.' "Jock, take Jeanie out of the room for a few minutes," said Nora, almost faintly,

and then you come back to me. I-I should rather see you alone." wife's hand and leading her to the door. | market."

looked half bewildered, and tottered as she went. Her husband led her gently outside, and down the corridor from Nora's room. Nora's clinging hand away in her quick . Half-way down this corridor there was a

"Leave me here; but promise me, Jock" and she seized his hand—"to tell me all

she has got to say.' "Of course, my dear; and Jeanie," he whispered, bending over her, "pull your-self together a bit, for fear any of the servants come past here. For the lad's | county police." "What do you mean? I ask you, what sake, don't let any one see you are put

he had done some fearful wrong? Where and cold, while Jock Fraser returned to morning he had been thinking of poor is he? I ask you, what have you done Nora, who had been nerving herself to Mrs. Fraser, and the terrible blow about 'It's no use trying to dec tell him the whole truth.

shut the door behind him, "let me hear it | put off the evil hour. all, my dear. Whatever the lad has done, it is better I should know.' So Nora told him, and Jock Fraser listened in unmistakable emotion; and when | my motto is, business first, and pleasure

he heard that his boy, the handsome afterward. I shall, therefore, go at once, youth of whom he had been so proud, had and catch the inspector when he comes in deliberately tried to shoot Biddulph, he for his dinner at 1 o'clock. Good mornhis hands. "This is terrible," he said; "it will kill

his mother!" "But he will be safe. They will never find him now; he will be out of England to-night, before anything can be done." "Safe!" repeated Jock Fraser bitterly: "a hunted felon! And what are we much better," he added, "to let him go! I should rather have died-av, a hundred

Nora, whose own eyes were full of tears, master, Alick Fraser, is just as hard and laying her hand on her half-cousin's arm. cold; but he hides it better, or thinks he us any more? Jeanie and I will never lift | this to the genial Jock."

up our heads again."
And what could Nora say? To an honorable, upright man like Jock Fraser, this blow Airdlinn. Jock Fraser, had, with some was as he said, more bitter than death. difficulty, persuaded his wife to go home

"I'll get her home before I tell her," he truth. But when she did reach home to seek him. Nora Stewart'-and he Jock, in broken and faltering words, tried wrung her hand-"a broken-hearted man's to make her understand.

my dear, but still, you have mine. Thank you for getting him away. It-it would have been worse for Jeanie if he had just, she felt; but her heart was so full of stayed;" and Jock Fraser put his hand pity for the unhappy mother that she over his face to hide his tears.

CHAPTER 20.

THE BLOW FALLS. The same morning, as the clock was striking twelve in the hall at Dunbaan, a ring sounded at the house door, and when old Donald opened it, there stood Sandy Hill, spruce, dapper, with a brown paper Nora, gently, "I can tell him better than | under his arm, and a smile of satisfaction "Mr. Biddulph at home?" he inquired

> "Yes, sir." "Take in my card, then, please—Mr. Sandford Hill. He expects me;" and, old Donald having complied with his request, Mr. Biddulph received his card with a grim smile, and then looked at his own watch, which was one minute slow, there- is for Malcolm now."

fore he thought Sandy was before his "Sharp man of business," reflected Biddulph. "Show him in," he said; and a minute later Sandy, with a profound bow

"Fine morning, sir," he said, "but sea-"You don't allow the thief procrastinanation to steal it from you, then?" an-

"Malcolm?" he repeated, looking first answered Biddulph, with a smile.
"No, Mr. Biddulph, I may candidly say I do not. Time means money gained or wasted, to my mind, and---"You like to gain it?" interrupted Bid-

membering his errand at Dunbaan. "I do, sir; it gives a man self-respectconfidence, I may say. A poor man-I answered Nora, taking her half-cousin's | mean one regularly down, you know-always inspires me with a wish to get out of his company somehow as quick as I can; I can't help it."

"It shows to me that he is a poor crea-

ture," continued Sandy, warming with his subject; "there's always a way for a fellow to get on if he only has the sense to find the right road." "'The world's mine oyster," quoted "Well, sir, I don't know about oysters,"

offered at the inquiry at Balla for informa- | replied Sandy, whose early education had | Still Conway-Hope was more, if possible, curi- tion that would lead to the arrest of the been somewhat neglected; "oysters are Hill's information and Tam Mackenzie's her heart with thankfulness, and she at person who killed that woman in the rather out of my line-they are too ex- confirmation of the story, a warrant had Glen, he went about spying and listening, pensive, that's the fact, and I never pam- been already issued for the arrest of Malfellow can make his way if he uses his "And his ears, too, sometimes, eh, Mr.

Sandy burst into a giggle and grinned

"Very good, sir," he said-"quite "Yes, it's very good," added Biddulph with pretended gravity, "and, as you say,

quite to the point. "You are a humorist, sir-a great deal of dry humor," said Sandy, flatteringly. "I am glad you think so, though I have

neglected both my eyes and ears." Sandy was not the least offended; he grinned even more delightedly than ever. "You were born to money, sir," he said, "and that makes all the difference. I've had to find it as best I can, and therefore am obliged to use my faculties to the

"But you rather like the amateur detective business, don't you?" "I like the reward, sir," answered Sandy, so promptly that Biddulph laughed aloud, and put his hand into his pocket and drew

"Your answer," he said, "is quite, as you remarked before, Mr. Hill, a propos. Well, here is your cheque-you will find This Hill had just left him, and Mr. Bid- | it all right, and I am very much obliged to you for having removed an ugly and unjust suspicion from my name.'

Sandy rose and made his best bow, holding the cheque in his eager, trembling "Mr. Biddulph-sir," he said, "I have only done my duty, an unpleasant duty in one sense, sir, considering my connection with Mr. Alick Fraser, and the feelthis—say he did not mean to do this, Nora Stewart, or I'll strike you where you upon this almost as a public duty, the re-

ings of the family. But we mustn't conmoval of an unjust suspicion from a gentleman of your property and means—yes, sir, it is a public duty," continued Sandy, waxing eloquent; "and the police, Mr. "Duffers to you, at any rate, Mr. Hill." Again Sandy bowed. "I thank you, sir; and I repeat. Mr. Biddulph, if you should ever feel inclined to

dabble in business, sir, shares or the like, your man. I am punctual, straightforfard, and always have my weather eye "Very well. Come along, Jeanie, my open; therefore, if you have any spare dear; and then Nora and I will have a cash, the amount of which you would like talk together, and see what it will be best | to increase, drop me a line sir, and I will to do," answered Jock Fraser, taking his at once let you feel the pulse of the

"You are very good."
It will be a pleasure to me, Mr. Bid-And Mrs. Fraser did not refuse to go; she dulph; but I will send you my business card the moment I have fixed on my new offices. I mean to start on my own account at once;" and Sandy clutched his cheque still tighter.

"Pray send me your card." "I will, sir; and now, Mr. Biddulph, if you will excuse me, I wish you a very good morning. And I shall, with your permission, proceed without delay to place these documents—and he tapped his brown paper parcel—"in the hands of the

"But have some lunch first, Mr. Hill," said Biddulph, who felt an unaccountable Nora, who had been nerving herself to Mrs. Fraser, and the terrible blow about to fall on a happy home; and now, when "Now, Nora," said Jock, after he had it was creeping nearer, he would fain have

But Sandy was proof against all tempta-"No, sir; many thanks all the same, but groaned aloud, and covered his face with | ing, sir; you shall hear from me soon again, and, in the meanwhile, I remain your grateful and obedient servant, Sanford Hill;" and with another bow Sandy

rhinoceros. These are the fellows who swim clear; no bumping up for them against rocks and shoals of passions and feelings. Yet there is something honest in his pure selfishness and open desire to "Oh, dear Jock, take comfort!" said | make his way up in the world. His away." "Comfort! What comfort is there for | does. But I wish I could have spared all

> But the day did not close before the blow fell on the miserable household at without again seeing Nora, and without hearing any further details of the terrible

She stood there with erect form and flash- turned to Inismore, determined, as he ing eyes, fighting the battle for her ab- mentally expressed it, "to thrash that cur

"Send for Rob Mackenzie." she said; "let the boy come here, and see if he dare repeat this base lie before Malcolm's

"My poor Jeanie, it's no use," answered Jock with a groan, "if Malcolm's hands were clear, why did he go away? And, Jeanie, I haven't told you, for God knows I've been uneasy about Malcolm ever since that woman was shot in the Glen. I haven't liked the looks of the lad; I've had a sort of presentiment, I think, that he had something to do with it, for I knew that Rob and he were out on the hills that day." "And what are you going to do? Sit

without trying to clear it up?" "My dear, best let us see what they do: the longer this is kept quiet, the better it And before it was dark they knew at Airdlinn what "they" were going to do. Jock was sitting with bent head over the breakfast-room fire, and Mrs. Jock walk-

down and let a foul suspicion fall on him

ing up and down in uncontrollable agitation in her bed room, when a ring came to the house door-bell, which caused the Mrs. Jock and Minnie Fraser being quite sonable. I'm up to time, I expect, Mr. | hearts of both parents almost to stand | Then the housemaid came and told Jock that "some of the pollis are here" and

> hall to face the accusers of his son. The same inspector who had examined the footprints in the Glen of Balla, immediately after the woman's death had oc-Frazer and respectfully touched his helmet as he appeared.

"Vera sorry to ha' to come here on such an errand, Mr. Fraser," he said in his broad Scotch accent, and with a genuine look of sorrow on his honest face, "but "A very natural inspiration," laughed | fra' information received, I'm bound to

> Then the agonized father had to hear again the same miserable story that he ad listened to in the morning from Nora's lice had lost no time; and Tam Macken- not far away. Tam Mackenzie, too, steadzie, on pressure, had admitted the truth | ily denied that he knew anything what-

on the strength of Mr. Sandford per the inward man. But I repeat, sir, a | coim Fraser, and the police had arrived in | Airdlinn to seek him. with considerable firmness.

"This is an extraordinary story, Mr. Andrews," he said, addressing the head here to answer your charge. He left for London last night."

"Then, I suppose he got scent of this?" not here," replied Jock Fraser. The police consulted together for a few would be compelled to search the house. "All right; do your duty," answered Jock; and he turned away, going straight

to his wife's bedroom, who was standing in a state of almost distraction. "Jeanie"-and he went and put his arm through hers-"be a brave woman now, for my sake and the por lad's. The men

"To take-Malcolm?" whispered the poor mother, with white lips. "They can't take him, thanks to Nora Stewart, and I've put them on the wrong scent, the Lord forgive me. I told them he started last night for London, and you

must stick to the same story." Mrs. Fraser gave a few gasping sighs, their eyes saw him no more. and held her husband's hand fast. The police found them thus, the husband and wife-they who had been together through ong years of sunshine, standing together in the storm-and the head constable admitted afterward that he "nigh broke down at the sight."

But neither in the mother's bedroom nor anywhere in the long straggling corri- | water that, in all directions, carry the tide dors of the old irregular house did they of the Hackensack river through the low find the young heir of Airdlinn. But they | reedy meadows that lie along the Northfound his rifle and his shooting-shoes, which the head constable measured with a significant sigh, and then took possesa significant sigh, and then took posses- innumerable water snakes that in-sion of. All his belongings were lying fest the streams, but now the fish about his room-his books, his letters, his have almost entirely disappeared, and pipes. Everything, indeed, bespoke of a the serpents, which seem to suffer no insecret and hasty flight; and such was the | convenience when out of their native ele-

conclusion the police came to. other; "but ten to one he is hiding among | are not venomous, but their appearance is the hills, with the lad Rob Mackenzie not attractive, and nervous people, and along with him. Ay, he'll be stealing even those who are not nervous, dislike home in the dusk." And for many days to meet them in the gloaming. On the if you honor me with your confidence, I'm | they watched the house at Airdlinn, but | marshy lands above the streams snakes of

THE FIRST NEWS. When Alick Fraser heard what had happened—heard from poor Jock's pallid the police by Sandy Hill, a warrant was on the railroad, asks credence for out against Malcolm, his indignation knew his story that he saw a water serpent meet limits to the bottom of myself if it takes all works?

"The ungrateful scoundrel!" he roared. | Tuesday afternoon. "Why did he not come, then, with the story to me?"

Jock, with a heavy sigh.

Then Alick cursed Mr. Biddulph and the reward and Sandy all in one breath. "But I don't believe a word of it!" he added. "It's a concocted story-concocted between that villain Sandy Hill, who would do anything for money, and Bid-

'It's no use trying to deceive ourselves, possibility of an escape, he commenced to sham revision, the average duty was 42.70. Alick," he said sadly; "poor Malcolm confessed his guilt to Nora Stewart—but

she's true as gold." vain, proud heart to hear these words. him and dining upon him instantaneously, His family pride was very strong, and his conscience, (which was not a tender one) smote him. He knew at least who, indirectly, had caused this heavy blow to fall on his brother's household, and he left Airdlinn swearing to inflict condign punishment on the traitor Sandy Hill. But before he went he had a word to leading serpent's anatomy had been de- the United States has been tested. The record say to his brother which showed there was some good feeling left in this hard

Biddulph looked after him with a sigh.
"Happy dog," he thought, "with a heart of stone enclosed in the hide of a Stewart," he said, "that he committed this time. He hastily attempted to disgorge mad act, he must never again set foot in his repast, but the effort was made too Scotland. And he'll want money; I am late. Not more that five inches of water ready and willing, Jock, to provide him snake had been yielded up when both with funds, as I know you are not overburdened with wealth, so long as he stays at once. A hundred bubbles arose, and

> pounds to go away with," answered the laird; "this, of course, I must repay." "Don't bother your head about it-I'll pay the young lady; but if he's got a hundred pounds, that's plenty for him at present. However, I'll see Nora Stewart,

"I suppose," she said presently, "that wrung her hand—"a broken-hearted man's to make her understand.

Mr. Biddulph is at the bottom of this? blessing wont do you any good, I suppose, But Mrs. Fraser would not believe it. head, parted with his brother, and re-

within an inch of his life.' He grasped a heavy dog-whip as he strode through his grand new hall, and inquired in a voice of thunder where Mr. Hill was, and desired him to be sent to him at once. But Sandy had been too sharp for him. Instead of Mr. Hill himself, a note from Mr. was presently brought to the angry master of the house, who was I never distress you when I can help it, but | standing ready with his whip in his strong

"DEAR SIR" (Alick read, in Sandy's neat cramped hand)-"Important business has recalled me to Glasgow this evening, thus preventing me being able to await your return. I shall communicate by letter in a few days, and

I remain, dear sir, "Your obedient servant,

"SANFORD HILL." Alick Fraser waxed more furious over this letter than can well be told. He swore he would carry his dog-whip to Glasgow the next morning; but by the next morning wiser thoughts prevailed. Sandy, he reflected, might bring him up for assault, and, as already one member of the family was under the ban of the law, it was as well that he should remain quiet. And bad news, too, came from Airdlinn, both

prostrated with grief. The most intense anxiety, indeed, prevailed in this miserable household during the next few days, and also at Rossmore. wanted to speak to him; and with But the police had quite taken up the idea blanched face he rose and went into the that Malcolm Fraser was hiding among the hills, and Alfred (Nora's young footman) had proved himself to be entirely trustworthy. True, Nora had added a substantial sum to the twenty pounds curred there, now stood before Jock Biddulph had given him; but he really deserved this, for neither the wiles nor the frowns of Palmer had drawn a single word from him, and Palmer began to respect him accordingly, and treated him with much more deference than she had

formerly done. The servants at Airdlinn were devoted o their young master, and one and all declared that they knew nothing of his disappearance. They did not, of course, know where he had gone, and they also lips. Sandy had lost no time, and the po- inclined to the belief that Malcolm was ever of his brother Bob's whereabouts. But Bob Mackenzie was not to be found. But three days after Malcolm's flight a letter reached Nora's hand, which filled once sent Alfred to request Jock Frazer

to come to her immediately. It was from Malcolm-a few guarded lines, posted on the eve of his embarka-Jock Fraser, on hearing this, behaved | tion for America. It was unsigned, but Nora knew the bold, careless handwriting very well; and Jock Fraser, too, knew it, and his eyes grew dim as he read the lines constable; "but my son Malcolm is not his boy's hand had traced, and the message "to the dear ones at home, of whom

I am always thinking." Jock carried these precious words away "That I cannot say; but he is certainly with him, knowing they would do more good to the poor broken-hearted mother than all the doctor's "physics." Ah! what minutes, and then announced that they | tears were shed over them, what fond prayers breathed! Malcolm had been the pride and darling of Mrs. Fraser's heart from the time he had stretched his lusty baby limbs in his little cot, until he had grown up to his handsome, imperious young manhood. "There is none like him," she had often said to her husband, gazing proudly at the straight features and blue eyes of this darling son.

And now it was very piteous, but at least he was comparatively saje. And these two, the father and mother, knelt down together side by side and thanked God for this. Over that great waste of waters their prayers could still follow him, and their love might guard him, though

(To be continued next week.) WATERSNAKE STRATEGY.

Submitting to Deglutition as a Means of Securing Victory. Until about two weeks ago the herrings which abounded in the creeks of brackish ment, crawl from the channels and make "He's been warned," they said to each | foraging excursions upon dry land. They Malcolm never came; and Rob Mackenzie another description are very plentiful. They are great, ugly, black fellows with flat heads, that enjoy the reputation of being harmless, but certainly don't look so. Poultry raisers complain they live chiefly on chickens and suck the hens' eggs by the dozen; but, however, this lips that, through information given to may be, Joseph Weidiaff, an Italian who

a black snake in hostile encounter on He says that the reptiles did not immediately clinch, but hissed wickedly and "It was the reward Mr. Biddulph of-fered, I suppose, tempted him," answered for an opening. The water snake was much the smaller of the combatants, and he was evidently trying to transfer the battle to a stream some twenty yards away. The black snake showed a lively rill, chairman) in 1884, and printed officially by anxiety to prevent this. He pressed matters and the serpents began to strike at each other with their tails, and in a few of duty on dutiable merchandise at its highest

eat toward the head. This was exactly what the water snake wanted. It started on a straight line for t was a terrible blow to Alick Fraser's the stream, and his consumer, following was of course obliged to travel a little faster in the same direction. The water snake was a rapid mover, and the black snake a quick eater, and for a short time the stream was gained. About half of the voured, and the edge of the water was only a few feet away, when the black snake had been yielded up when both reptiles plunged into the stream and sank the only spectator of this uncanny contest "Nora Stewart gave him a hundred is inclined to believe that the black snake's life floated to the surface in one of them.

> Not So Mysterious. [Kansas City Times.]

THE INDIANAPOLIS SENTINEL says of Gath and will arrange with her how money has to be sent to him. His secret is safe with her, unless she tells that Biddulph."

"But for Biddulph, poor Malcolm would have been arrested now," answered Jock, with a heavy sigh; and Alick Fraser, after with a heavy sigh; and Alick Fraser, after beginning from a few more on the at Sandy's and with a heavy sigh; and a second having flung a few more oaths at Sandy's principle on which John McLean runs the En-

EYSER'S LOVE WAS DEADLY

HE SHOT THE WOMAN AND HIMSELF A Tradegy in Low Life With Some Rather Sensational Features-The Lover is

Dead and His Sweetheart Will

Probably Follow Him.

[From Wednesday's Daily Sentinel.]

"George has shot me." These were the words uttered in agonized accents by Belle Brown yesterday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock as she staggered to and fro from the effects of a pistol wound inflicted upon her by Samuel Eyser, better known as

George Taylor, a former lover. The scene was at 251 Virginia-ave., the home of Mrs. Clara Bell, a colored washerwoman. The wounded woman fled for safety to Mrs. Bell, who was in the front part of the house, but as her assailant approached she fled again into the kitchen of the squalid house and slammed the door tight and placed her form against it. Eyser, however, forced the door and a fearful struggle ensued. The woman would feel it had a warrant for rapacity and slammed the door tight and placed her form and a fearful struggle ensued. The woman sought to grasp the weapon in her hands, but it was discharged again and the ball entered the fleshy part of her thigh on the inside. She then broke away and ran into the front yard, where she fell from weakness.

Another shot and Eyser had placed a bullet through his own heart, thus ridding the world of a worthless wretch.

Kregelo's ambulance was immediately called and conveyed the wounded woman first to the city dispensary and thence to the city hospital, where her wounds were pronounced fatal. Eyser expired instantly after shooting him-

self. He lay upon the floor of the kitchen surrounded with a pool of blood. His blouse had are many men and interests in politics that fallen open, and from its folds could be seen protruding the shining handle of a brand new razor. His body was removed to Kregelo's

Eyser was a man about forty years of age, and was sent to the penitentiary for one year under the name of George Taylor for stealing a clock. Upon his release he took up his residence at Mrs. Bell's house, on Virginia-ave., where he made the acquaintance of the Brown woman, who was also stopping at the house assisting Mrs. Bell. Eyser became very much attached to the Brown woman and paid assidious court to her, but his affection, does not seem have been heartily returned. Several months ago he proposed to her to accompany him to Dayton, O., where they would live as man and wife, but the proposition was not acceded to. This seemed to anger Eyser greatly and he was heard to remark frequently that if "Belle would not have him, she couldn't have anybody." Belle left the house about a month ago and moved to Eddy-st. Eyser went there one night three weeks ago and sought to be admitted. This was refused him and he then secured a warrant and had the house "pulled" and the inmates slated for prostitution. Eyser failed to appear in the court to prosecute and the defendants were dismissed. Belle refused to speak to him after that, and she did not see him until yesterday noon when he went to the house. She did not answer him, and he then house. She did not answer him, and he then went away and returned about 3:30. Belle was hanging clothes in the yard when he entered the gate, and taking his position under a tree, drew a revolver and opened fire upon her with the consequences as related. The crime was evidently premeditated, as the following letter was found in his pocket addressed to a sister

named Mrs. Barrow Jones of Crawfords-Indianapolis, June 13th—Dear Sister: I am going away, and I don't ever expect to see you any more until judgment and I want you to come and get my things and my money due me from the government is due next month. I have sent to Washington and they will send me a check and I have got the paper here that they sent me to n 51 Virginia ave to Mrs. Bell. So good by to you all. Your Brother Samuel Eyser.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAY. He Never Neglects the Appeals of the Poor

[Wash, Cor. N. Y. Herald.] Here is an incident which shows the president's habit of work: One evening last winter Mr. Cleveland sent for your correspondent at 11 o'clock to speak about a matter of public interest. The conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour, and as public receptions and private consultations, I said to him on going away: "I hope you are

going to bed at once; you must be very tired?" "Why not leave them until to-morrow?" "I cannot do that. You see what it concerns, A man is to be hanged, and there is an applica-

tion for his pardon. "But what do you keep an attorney general for?" I asked. "The attorney general has gone over the case carefully," replied the president. "Here is his report. He thinks the man ought to hang."
"Very well, hang him," I rather hastily said, for I saw in the president's face that he was

"No." said Mr. Cleveland, "that will not do. This poor man has a wife and children who plead to me for his life. I must look into this matter myself. I cannot take anybody's word or judgment in a matter like this. Suppose he was hung and that hereafter some neglected or overlooked or improperly weighed piece of evidence should turn up to show that he ought not to have been hanged, what reproaches would not these poor people have a right to

That is Mr. Cleveland's way. He is, they say, often rough and peremptory to powerful politicians, but he does not neglect the appeals of the poor and friendless.

Down With the War Taxes. [New York World.] According to the tariff computation prepared by the senate committee of finance (Mr. Morthe government in compliance with a resolution of the senate, the average ad valorem rate dulph. I have always believed Biddulph guilty, and always shall."

But Jock shook his head.

But Jock shook his head.

But Jock shook his head.

Cit's no use trying to deceive covered.

It thus appears that the tariff is now within 1.61 per cent of the highest point ever reached -twenty years ago and is 1.38 higher than it was when the republicans proposed to reduce the average duty 20 per cent in 1882. Overprotection must go. The war taxes must come down.

Tried and Found Faithful.

[New York Times.] Mr. Cleveland's ability to administer with fitting dignity the great office of president of of his administration is open to the people. It has been scrutinized by friends and by foes alike with a minute attention which has left no defects unconcealed, and has made known many virtues which even his adversaries have applauded. It is faint praise of him to say that he has been scrupulously faithful to the laws of the land, but he has been much more than this. He has been vigilant in the performance of his duties to protect the individual from the oppression of ill-regulated power, cor-porate or otherwise, and to shield the people from an injudicious or wasteful exercise of the legislative function.

The Locust Invasion.

CHICAGO, June 13 .- Dispatches from several points in Illinois and Iowa say that the locusts which are making their appearance in such word, and will represent the state ably. He will be a credit to himself and to his state. which are making their appearance in such great numbers are not molesting fruit, grain and vegetables as yet. The only damage done is the killing of young and tender trees, many of which die from the incisions made by the insects in depositing their eggs. The secretary of the Iowa state agricultural society says he has received information from Muscatine that there are millions of locusts in that country, but no especial damage has yet been reported, | get away."

It seems to the general opinion here that the locustic in Eastern Iowa are not of the seventeen year variety but of a harmless class that come around frequently, seven years ago being the time of the last visitation.

Why Cleveland Will be Re-elected.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] The untried man of 1884 is the known states. man and trusted executive of 1883. His renomination is the offer to the nation of a continuation of good government. All the argument there always is "against a change merely for the sake of a change" makes for his re-election. Every one of the many merits of his administration is a positive argument for its continua-tion. Nothing is put in jeopardy by the idea of his re-election. A conspicuous punishment to right doing would be administered by his defeat. The vials of sectional distrust would be reopened. The hatred of the South by the North would be recorded. All the benign settlements of fraternity would be disturbed. The nation would go back from brotherhood to bitterness. The business arrangements of the country would be displaced. The completion of the fabric of reconciliation would be arrested. The transition the republic is making from the traditions of war to the methods of peace would be stopped. The hands sectionalism, and democracy would be delivered to the domination of its worst elements. The result would make for error and wrong in

The Grand Old Roman.

both parties.

[Chicago News-ind.] Of Allen G. Thurman it is almost impossible even for his political opponents to speak without figuratively taking off their hats in honest appreciation of his ability, integrity, and lovableness. It is remarkable that a man of his great force of character, boldness of belief and utterance, and absolute purity of life in a pub-lic career of nearly half a century should be almost without an open political enemy. There hate Thurman like poison, but none of them. dare stand in the open sunlight without ex-posing some motive that would redound to his honor. He has been the victim of many a political intrigue within his own party and in his own state, but the victories that his rivals have won have brought to them no credit and to him no humiliation. No disappointment where he had a right to expect much of his party has ever drawn from this old Roman a barsh or bitter word. He has accepted slights which would have soured other natures, as though they were benefits, and under all circumstances'

has borne himself like a true gentleman.

Shaler's Brigade Monuments. GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 13.-Members of Shaler's brigade association to-day dedicated four monuments to their fallen comrades. At 9 o'clock the regiments marched to Culp's hill and the ceremonies by the brigade began. William J. Ray introduced Gen. A. J. Shaler as the orator of the occasion. He confined himself to giving a short description of the part played by the brigade during the rebellion and especially the battle of Gettysburg. In the afternoon the veterans rode over the battle field and inthe evening a complimentary ball and re-ception was held in the rink. All the memorials are of granite suitably inscribed with the date and place the regiment was mustered into service, the part played in this battle, the various engagements participated in and the brigade division and corps to which it belonged. The cost of arms-

in bronze of the respective states is also prominently displayed. Some Ancient History.

[Post Dispatch.] Ancient history is an unchancy we soon in the hands of parties and politicians. Harrison's friends undertook to belabor Gresham with it. They dug up the fact that Gresham was a knownothing in his callow days, some thirty years ago, and the further fact that he supported Bristow against Oliver P. Morton in the Cincinnati convention of 1876. Thereupon Gresham's friends retorted with proof that Harrison, at the same period of his life, was hurrahing for his father, who was twice elected to congress as the hottest know nothing in the state of Ohio; that Harrison was also a strong Bristow man in 1876, and remained on bitter terms with Oliver P. Morton to the end of the latter's life, while Gresham made friends with him and is now warmly supported by Morton's

son and brother-in-law.

The Tariff Plank. [New York Times.] This defines the issue as clearly as any one could wish, and it was impossible that rational men could have asked more. If there are "radical" reformers to whom the declaration "radical" reformers to whom the declaration seems not to go far enough it is plain that they have little following in the democratic party or in any other, and should have none. The president having with great courage and candor stated his own convictions, and the democratic majority in the house having in an orderly and authoritative fashion framed a bill to embody so much of the policy of the president as is now practicable, the course of the convention is thereby clearly defined. It would have been absurd to go further; it would have been fatally weak and cowardly not to go so far.

weak and cowardly not to go so far. Preparing for an Active Campaign. Chairman Jewett of the democratic state central committee is at the Grand, and will remain in Indianapolis during the campaign. He has mapped out a scheme of organization and will conduct an active and vigorous cavass from this time forward. Sec'y Marsh will arrive in a day or two and enter upon his duties. The executive committee, which will manage the details of the campaign, was announced yes-terday, and is composed as follows: Charles Jewett, Isaac P. Gray, Joseph E. McDonald, S. P. Sheerin, J. O. Henderson, Charles B.

Stewart and John P. Frenzel (treasurer).

A Bogie Exorcised. [Brooklyn Eagle.] Mr. Cleveland has showed that democratic control has not injured the country. The contrary was feared by a million alarmed citizens, whom demagogues had misled and scared. The allaying of that apprehension reduces the superstition of Americans, It releases their minds to reason and clears them of cant and humbug. Not one of the evils predicted has come to pass. Politics has been relieved of terror and removed from hypocrisy and com-edy. The orator who recited now the 1884 budget of republican horrors would be laughed at even in a kindergarten.

Respect Gray Hairs. [Chicago Herald.] The land is not given overmuch, indeed it is given all too little, to reverence of gray hairs and long-garnered wisdom. The haste to acquire private fortune is not more characteristic of American life than the eagerness to push at carly age for the public honors that in times of national quietude fall in other countries to those citizens whose worth has been proven by a lifetime of devotion to the public service. Young America, selfishly impatient of what he describes as old-fogyism, is constantly struggling to push his elders from their stools.

[Cincinnati Times-Star-rep.] There is no perceptible diminution in his mental acumen, in his rugged adherence to

A Tribute to Thurman.

what he believes to be the right. To the despoilers in his own party, the adventurers, the "expedient" men, he is as unbending as ever, and, naturally enough, his name excites their hostility whenever it is mentioned, whether in or out of a convention. Will Do Us Credit. [Bichmond Democrat.] Simon P. Sheerin has been appointed a mem-

ber of the national democratic committee. Mr.

Beginning Early. [The Illini.] First candid'miss of ten—"What do'you think of Allie Church? I think he's just splendid." Second candid miss—"He tried to kiss me last night." "And didn't he do it?" "No, he let me